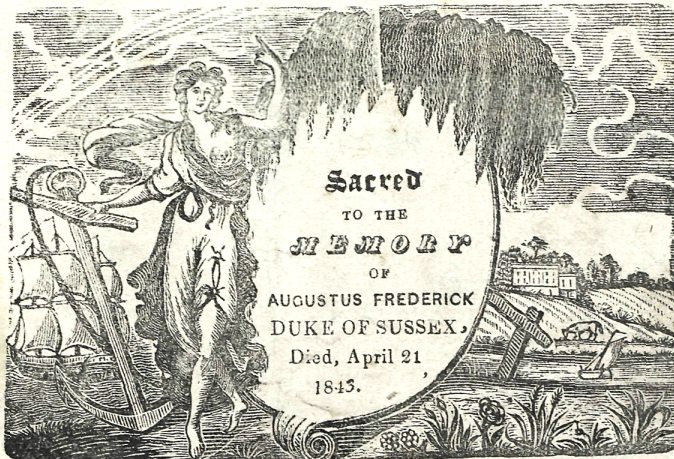


A MONODY
ON THE
Death of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex.



BIRT, Printer, 39, Great St. Andrew Street,
Seven Dials.

Mourn each loyal Briton, mourn & lament:
Sussex Royal Duke is no more,
To join parents and brothers to glory he's
sent,

In bliss to reign for evermore.
The prayers of the widow and orphan he'll
have,

For in life he did often caress them,
No medical skill had the power to save,
Alas! he is gone God rest him.

Thro' life did Sussex most gallantly strive,
For the welfare and comforts of man,
And that Commerce and Trade thro' the
nation might thrive,

By freedom's banner he boldly would stand
The rights of the subjects he'd boldly maintain
Tho' the mighty they often opprest him,
He them did defy and supported our claim,
But now he is gone, God rest him.

From envy and slander he seldom was free,
As his cause was that of the poor man,
And the guardian of innocence he ever would
be,

By Queen Caroline he firmly did stand,
He knew she was injur'd, her cause he
maintain'd,

With ill-feeling the Court then opp'est him
But he braved well the storm till her cause
he had gain'd,

But alas! he's no more, God rest him.

Then in charity's cause none were better than
he,

To relieve the distress was his pride,
And to him the afflicted ne'er made an appeal
Or widow and orphan in vain ever cried.
His purse strings were loose when the needy
applied,

And all man's best feelings possess him,
For he sought no reward for his meritorious
deeds,

But now he's no more, God rest him.

Of Sussex you can't say too much in his
praise,

He was all that was noble and grand,
A kind father and husband, was mild in his
ways,

To comfort them was the Duke's plan.
A Freemason too, and long has been famed,
All lodges they offer a blessing,

For he was their Grand Master, gain'd all
their esteem,

But alas! he's no more, God rest him.

Freemason's throughout the terrestrial globe,
To his memory will drop a tear,

For all their institutions he nobly upheld,
Of his equal they may nevermore hear.

When enclosed in the grave, in their memory
he'll dwell,

Their children for ages will bless him,
His name in letters of gold in all lodges will
shine,

Tho' he's lain in tomb, God rest him.

1846

